

(6)
THE
UPHOLSTERER;
OR,
WHAT NEWS?
— A —
F A R C E,
IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL
IN
LONDON and DUBLIN.

..... O Bene (*nam te*
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? Hor.

By MR. MURPHY.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED BY R. STEVENSON, 1786.



TO Mr. GARRICK.

S I R,

THE Upholsterer would be a Bankrupt even in Thanks, could he think of going abroad into the World, without making his Compliments to Mr. Garrick, for the Civilities he has shewn him. Whatever Figure the poor broken Politician might make before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy at *Guild-Hall*, you have taken Care of his Appearance before the self-chosen Commissioners of Criticism, at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

I am not willing to flatter myself that you were drawn forth, on this Occasion, by any extraordinary Touches in the capital Figure, or in the *Accompagnements du Tableau*. I rather suppose that you approved the Justness of the Design, than that you were an Admirer of the Colouring.

The Design, Sir, was conceived and executed long since, because the Author judged that something in this Way might have a seasonable Tendency to allay the Intemperance of too violent a political Spirit, or at least to laugh it into good Humour: With the same View it was lately retouched, and given to Mr. *Mossop*, to be presented to the Public at his Benefit. And however Men of a serious Cast may depreciate Amusements of this Nature, I shall never blush for having dedicated a few Hours to them, as I am of Opinion that such-like Avocations will more profitably unbend the Mind from graver Studies, than the solitary Pleasures of the Recluse, or any of the more open Dissipations of Life.

I am aware that you will, very probably, recollect a Passage in a celebrated Writer*, which may seem to render the Scope of this little Piece somewhat questionable:—" *Dans une Nation libre,*" saith he, " *il est tres souvent indifferent que les particuliers raisonnent bien ou mal: Il suffit qu'ils raisonnent: De la sort la Liberte, qui garantit des Effets de ces memes Raisonnements.*" But you know that the Question here, is not concerning the indisputable Right of the

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People

* Montesquieu.

People to canvass their national Concerns; but the vicious Excess of a Propensity to Politicks, when it gives a wrong Bias to the Mind, and is attended with Circumstances, which create the ridiculous Absurd. In this Light it was considered by Mr. *Addison*, who tells us in the *Tatler*, * that he designed his Paper, "for the Benefit of those Citizens, who live more in a Coffee-House, than in their Shops, and whose Thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forgot their Customers." For the very same Species of People, the *Upholsterer* was brought on the Stage, being perhaps as proper an Object of Ridicule, as modern Ideas and Manners will afford.

With Regard to the Execution, I shall not detain you any longer on that Head, than to remark that to preserve the Gravity, which is a specific Quality in Mr. *Addison's* fine vein of Humour, has been my Endeavour throughout the Whole; tho' I am not insensible that grave Humour is sometimes dangerous on the Stage. In the principal Character, I considered myself rather describing a *Passion* than a *Man*; and this you remember is mentioned by an excellent Critic † to belong to the Province of Farce. For this Reason the *Upholsterer's* Scenes are strongly tinged with his predominant Foible; and as this Foible is generally fed and inflamed by a Swarm of political Writers, I judged it coincident with my Plan, to expose the Duplicity of their Conduct, by introducing the Character of *Pamphlet*.

This Character I have had the Pleasure of seeing set off with all the exquisite Strokes of so fine a Comic Genius as Mr. *Garrick's*, without being indebted for Success to the Aid of personal Satire, having entirely levelled it against those, who are the ready Mercenaries of all Parties; and with all such I have the Happiness not to be acquainted.

I could here enlarge in the just Praise of Mr. *Woodward*, Mr. *Vates*, Mrs. *Clive*, &c. but I have already deviated too far from the Purpose I set out with; which was not to inscribe a Farce to you, for neither
of

* Vide Numbers 155, and 160.

† Mr. Hurd.

of us think so highly of these Matters; nor to become your Panegyrist, for your extended Reputation does not stand in Need of it. My Intention was to embrace a public Opportunity of subscribing myself, SIR,

Your most Obedient, and

Lincoln's Inn,
7th April, 1758.

Very Humble Servant;

The AUTHOR.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. Mossop.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil Hour,
Ambition aim'd at universal Pow'r;
When the fierce Man of *Macedon* began
Of a new Monarchy to form the Plan;
Each Greek—(as fam'd *Demosthenes* relates)
Politically mad!—wou'd rave of States!
And help'd to form, where'er the Mob could meet,
An *Areopagus* in ev'ry Street.
What News? what News, was their eternal cry;
Is *Philip* sick! *—then soar'd their Spirits high,—
Philip is well!—Dejection in each Eye.
Athenian Cobblers join'd in deep Debate,
While Gold in secret undermin'd the State;
Till Wisdom's Bird the Vulture's prey was made;
And the Sword gleam'd in *Academos'* Shade:

Now modern *Philips* threaten this our Land,
What say *Britannia's* Sons?—along the Strand.
What News? ye cry,—with the same Passion smit;
And there, at least, you rival *Attic* Wit.
A Parliament of Porters here shall muse
On State Affairs—"swall'wing a Taylor's News,"
For ways and means no starv'd Projector sleeps;
And every Shop some mighty Statesman keeps;
He *Britain's* foes, like *Bobadil*, can kill;
Supply th' *Exchequer*, and neglect his Till.
In ev'ry Ale-house Legislators meet;
And Patriots settle Kingdoms in the Fleet.

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To

* Vide the first Philippic.

To shew this Phrenzy in its genuine Light,
A modern Newsmonger appears to Night;
Trick'd out from *Addison's* accomplish'd Page,
Behold the *Upholsterer* ascends the Stage.

No Minister such Trials e'er hath stood;
He turns a *Bankrupt* for the public Good!
Undone himself, yet full of *England's* Glory!
A Politician!—neither Whig nor Tory—
Nor can ye High or Low the *Quixote* call;
“He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all.”

As for the Bard,—to you he yields his Plan;
For well he knows, you're candid, where ye can.
One only Praise he claims,—no Party-stroke
Here turns a public Character to Joke.
His *Panacea* is for all Degrees,
For all have more or less of this Disease.
Whatever his Success, of this he's sure,
There's Merit even to attempt the Cure.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Quidnunc</i> , the } <i>Upholsterer</i> , }	Mr. Yates,	Mr. King.
<i>Pamphlet</i> ,	Mr. Garrick,	Mr. Sparks.
<i>Razor</i> , a Barber,	Mr. Woodward,	Mr. Glover.
<i>Feeble</i> ,	Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Bellmour</i> ,	Mr. Usher,	Mr. Hurst.
<i>Roeuwel</i> ,	Mr. Palmer,	Mr. Wilder.
<i>Codicil</i> , a Lawyer,*	Mr. Taswell,	
<i>Brisk</i> ,	Mr. Vernon,	Mr. Hamilton.
<i>Watchman</i> ,	Mr. Clough,	

W O M E N.

<i>Harriet</i> ,	Mrs. Yates,	Miss Mason.
<i>Termagant</i> ,	Mrs. Clive,	Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Maid to Feeble</i> ,	Mrs. Simpson,	Mrs. Pakenham.

* For the Sake of Brevity, *Codicil's* Scene is omitted in the Representation, as are likewise a few Passages in the 2d Act.



THE UPHOLSTERER.

A C T I.

SCENE, BELLMOUR'S Lodging.

Enter Bellmour, beating Brisk.

Brisk. **M**R. Bellmour,—let me die, Sir,—as I hope to be sav'd, Sir.—

Bell. Sirrah! rogue! villain.—I'll teach you. I will, you rascal, to speak irreverently of her I love.

Brisk. As I am a sinner, Sir, I only meant—

Bell. Only meant! You could not mean it, jackanapes,—you had no meaning, booby.

Brisk. Why, no, Sir, that's the very thing, Sir,—I had no meaning.

Bell. Then, sirrah, I'll make you know your meaning for the future.

Brisk. Yes, Sir, to be sure, Sir—and yet upon my word, if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you'd find I am not much to blame.—Besides, master, you can't conceive the good it would do your health, if you will but keep your temper a little.

Bell. Mighty well, Sir, give your advice.

Brisk. Why, really now, this same love hath metamorphos'd us both very strangely, master,—for to be free; here have we been at this work these six weeks,—stark-staring mad in love with a couple of Baggages not worth a Great,—and yet, heaven help us! they have as much pride as comes to the share of a lady of quality, before she has been caught in the fact with a hand-

handsome young fellow,—or indeed after she has been caught, for that matter.

Bell. You won't have done, rascal.—

Brisk. In short, my young mistress and her maid have as much pride and poverty as—as—no matter what, they have the devil and all,—when at the same time every body knows the old broken Upholsterer, Miss Harriet's father, might give us all he has in the world, and not eat the worse pudding on a Sunday for it.

Bell. Impious, execrable atheist! What, detract from heaven! I'll reform your notions, I will, you faucey—

Brisk. Nay, but, my dear Sir!—a little patience—not so hard.—

Enter Rovewell.

Rove. Bellmour, your servant,—what, at logger-heads with my old friend Brisk!

Bell. Confusion! Mr. Rovewell, your servant,—this is your doing, hang dog—Jack Rovewell, I am glad to see thee.—

Rove. Brisk used to be a good servant,—he has not been tampering with any of his master's girls, has he?

Bell. Do you know, Rovewell, that he has had the impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my mistress!

Brisk. For which, Sir, I have suffer'd inhumanly, and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

Bell. Will you leave prating, booby?

Rove. Well, but Bellmour, where does she live?—I'm but just arriv'd, you know, and I'll go and beat up her quarters.

Bell. [*half aside*] Beat up her quarters! [*looks at him smilingly, then half aside*]

Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,

Oft she rejects, but never once offends. (stands musing.

Rove. Hey! What, fallen into a reverie!—Prithee, Brisk, what does all this mean?

Brisk. Why, Sir, you must know—I am over head and ears in love.—

Rove. But I mean your master; what ails him?

Brisk.

Brisk. That's the very thing I'm going to tell you, Sir,—as I said, Sir,—I am over head and ears in love with a whimsical, queer kind of a piece, here in the neighbourhood, and so nothing can serve my master, but he must fall in love with her mistress,—look at him now, Sir,——

[*Bellmour continues musing and muttering to himself.*]

Rove. Ha, ha, ha,—poor Bellmour, I pity thee with all my heart.——

[*Strikes him on the shoulder, then ludicrously repeats:*]

*Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time,—
And make two Lovers happy.——*

Bell. My dear Rovewell, such a girl,—ten thousand Cupids play about her mouth, you rogue,——

Rove. Ten thousand pounds had better play about her pocket.—What fortune has she?

Brisk. Heaven help us, not much to crack of.——

Bell. Not much to crack of, Mr. Brazen!—Prithee, Rovewell, how can you be so ungenerous as to ask such a question? You know I don't mind fortune, tho' by the way she has an uncle who is determined to settle very handsomely on her; and on the strength of that, does she give herself innumerable airs.——

Rove. Fortune not to be minded!—I'll tell you what, Bellmour, tho' you have a good one already; there's no kind of inconvenience in a little more,—I'm sure if I had not minded fortune, I might have been in Jamaica still, not worth a sugar-cane; but the widow Moleasses took a fancy to me;—Heaven, or a worse destiny, has taken a fancy to her, and so after ten years exile, and being turn'd adrift by my father, here am I again, a warm planter, and a widower, most wofully tired of matrimony;—but, my dear Bellmour, we were both so overjoy'd to meet one another yesterday evening, just as I arrived in town, that I did not hear a syllable from you of your love fit: How, when, and where did this happen?

Bell. Oh!—by the most fortunate accident that ever was,—I'll tell thee, Rovewell: I was going one night from the tavern, about six weeks ago,—I had been there with a parcel of blades whose only joy is center'd

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ter'd in their bottle, and faith till this accident I was no better myself,—but ever since I am grown quite a new man.

Rove. Ay, a new man, indeed!—Who, in the name of wonder, would take thee, sunk as thou art, into a musing, moping, melancholy lover, for the gay Charles Bellmour, whom I knew in the West-Indies?

Bell. Poh, that is not mentioned,—you know my father took me, against my will, from the University, and consigned me over to the academic discipline of a man of war; so that to prevent a defection of spirits, I was obliged to run into the opposite extreme,—as you yourself were wont to do.

Rove. Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection, and was glad to dissipate them—You know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my story; and so there is still, I suppose it must be cleared up in a few days now—I'm in no hurry about it tho': I must see the town a little this evening, and have my frolic first. But to the point, Bellmour, you was going from the tavern, you say. —

Bell. Yes, Sir, about two in the morning, and I perceived an unusual blaze in the air,—I was in a rambling humour, and so resolved to know what it was.

Brisk. I and my master went together, Sir. —

Bell. Oh! Rovewell! my better stars ordained it to light me on to happiness;—by sure attraction-led, I came to the very street where a house was on fire; Water-engines playing, Flames ascending, all hurry, Confusion and distress; when on a sudden the voice of despair, silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very heart;—poor, dear, little soul, what can she do, cried the neighbours? Again she screamed, the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every instant;—here, Ma'am, said I, leap into my arms, I'll be sure to receive you;—and would you think it?—down she came,—my dear Rovewell, such a girl!—I caught her in my arms, you rogue, safe, without harm.—The dear naked Venus, just risen from her bed, my boy,—her slender waist, Rovewell, the downy smooth-

ness

ness of her whole person, and her limbs "harmonious,
"swell'd by nature's softest hand."——

Rove. Raptures, and Paradise!—What seraglio in Covent-Garden did you carry her to?

Bell. There again now! Do, prithee, correct your way of thinking, take a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous love, and purify your ideas.—Her lovely bashfulness, her delicate fears,—her beauty heighten'd and endear'd by distress, dispers'd my wildest thoughts, and melted me into tenderness and respect.——

Rove. But, Bellmour, surely she has not the Impudence to be modest after you have had possession of her person?

Bell. My views are honourable, I assure you, Sir; but her father is so absurdly positive.—The man's distracted about the balance of power, and will give his daughter to none but a Politician.—When there was an execution in his house, he thought of nothing but the camp at Pyrna, and now he's a bankrupt; his head runs upon ways and means, and schemes for paying off the national debt: The affairs of Europe engross all his attention, while the distress of his lovely daughter passes unnoticed.

Rove. Ridiculous enough!—But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to bed to the wench at once?—Take her into keeping man.——

Bell. How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—Have not I told you tho' her father is ruin'd, still she has great expectancies from a rich relation?——

Rove. Then what do you stand watering at the mouth for? If she is to have money enough to pay for her china, her gaming debts, her dogs, and her monkeys, marry her then, if you needs must be ensnared; be in a fool's paradise for a honey-moon, then come to yourself, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honest fellows again;—carry her off, I say, and never stand whining for the father's consent.——

Bell. Carry her off!—I like the scheme,—will you assist me?

Rove. No, no, there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the satyrists says, "Never marry
"while

"while there's a halter to be had for money, or a bridge to afford a convenient leap."

Bell. Prithee leave fooling.—

Rove. I am in serious earnest, I assure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any scheme of frolic with you, but war matrimony.—Nay, if you'll come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your mistress's health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that business positively.

Bell. Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly, at the same place we were at last night; then and there I'll let you know what further measures I've concerted.

Rove. Till then, farewell; a-propos—do you know that I've seen none of my relations yet?

Bell. Time enough to-morrow.

Rove. Ay, ay, to-morrow will do,—well, your servant.

[*Exit Rovewell.*]

Bell. Rovewell, your's,—see the gentleman down stairs,—and, d'ye hear, come to me into my study, that I may give you a letter to Harriet, and hark ye, Sir,—Be sure you see Harriet yourself; and let me have no messages from that officious go-between, her Mrs. Slipshod of a maid, with her unintelligible jargon of hard words, of which she neither knows the meaning nor the pronunciation.—[*Exit Biff.*] I'll write to her this moment, acquaint her with the soft tumult of my desires, and, if possible, make her mine this very night.—

[*Exit repeating:*]

*Love first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid.*

SCENE, the Upholsterer's House.

Enter Harriet and Termagant.

Term. **W**ELL, but, Ma'am, he has made love to you six weeks successfully; he has been as constant in his 'moors, poor gentleman, as if you had the subversion of a 'state to settle upon him—and if he slips thro' your fingers now, ma'am, you have nobody to depute it to but yourself.

Har.

Har. Lard, Termagant, how you run on!—I tell you again and again, my pride was touched, because he seemed to presume on his opulence, and my father's distresses.

Term. La, Miss Harriet, how can you be so *paradoxical* in your 'pinions?

Har. Well, but you know, tho' my father's affairs are ruin'd, I am not in so desperate a way; consider my uncle's fortune is no trifle, and I think that prospect intitles me to give myself a few airs, before I resign my person.

Term. I grant ye, ma'am, you have very good pretensions: but then it's waiting for dead men's shoes: I'll venture to be perjured, Mr. Bellmour ne'er *disclaimed* an *idear* of your father's distresses.—

Har. Supposing that.—

Term. Suppose, ma'am—I know it *disputably* to be so:

Har. Indisputably, I guess you mean;—but I am tired of wrangling with you about words.

Term. By my troth, you're in the right on't;—there's ne'er a she in all old England, (as your father calls it) is mistress of such *physiology* as I am. In certain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with such a *curacy* as myself. I once lived with a *mistress*, ma'am,—*Mistress*!—she was a fine lady---a great brewer's wife!---and she wore as fine cloaths as any person of quality, let her get up as early as she will---and she used to call me---Termagant, says she,---what's the *signification* of such a word?---and I always told her---I told her the *importation* of all my words, tho' I could not help laughing, Miss Harriet, to see so fine a lady such a downright *ignoramus*.

Har. Well,---but pray now, Termagant, would you have me directly, upon being asked the question, throw myself into the arms of a man?

Term. O' my conscience you did throw yourself into his arms with scarce a shift on, that's what you did.

Har. Yes, but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

Term. Well, it does not signify *argysing*, I wish we were both warm in bed; you with Mi Bellmour, and I with his coxcomb of a man; instead of being ma-

nured here with an old crazy fool---axing your pardon, ma'am, for calling your father so---but he is a fool, and the worst of fools, with his *policies*---when his house is full of *statues of Bangcreffy*.

Har. It's too true, Termagant,--yet he's my father still, and I can't help loving him.

Term. Fiddle-faddle--love him!--he's an *anecdote* against love.

Har. Hush! here he comes.

Term. No, it's your uncle Feeble, poor gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *infirmaries*, to be taking such pains with a madman.

Enter Feeble.

Har. Well, uncle, have you been able to console him?

Feeb. He wants no consolation, child,--lackaday! I'm so infirm I can hardly move---I found him tracing in the map, Prince Charles of Lorrain's passage over the Rhine, and comparing it with Julius Caesar's.

Term. An old blockhead---I've no patience with him, with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now, I wishes there was no such a thing as a news-paper in the world, with such a pack of lies, and such a deal of *jab-jab* every day.

Feeb. Ay, there were three or four shabby fellows with him when I went into his room.---I can't get him to think of appearing before the commissioners to-morrow, to disclose his effects; but I'll send my neighbour counsellor Codicil to him,--don't be dejected, Harriet, my poor sister, your mother, was a good woman; I love you for her sake, child, and all I am worth, shall be your's.--But I must be going---I find myself but very ill; good night, Harriet, good night.

[Exit Feeble.]

Har. You'll give me leave to see you to the door, Sir.

[Exit Harriet.]

Term. O' my conscience this master of mine within here, might have pick'd up his crums as well as Mr. Feeble, if he had any *idear* of his business, I'm sure if I had not hopes from Mr. Feeble, I should not tarry in this house---By my troth, if all who have nothing to say to the *'sairs* of th nation, would mind their own business, and those who should take care of our *'sairs*,
would

would mind their business too, I fancy poor old England (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy pate within here—playing the fool—when the man is past his grand *chymneffer*.

[Exit Termagant.

Scene discovers Quidnunc at a Table, with News-papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.

Quid. Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 million, 199 thousand, 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the specie?—Here, here—with about 15 million in specie, all this great circulation! good, good,—why then how are we ruined?—how are we ruined? What says the Land Tax at 4 Shillings in the Pound, two Million! now where's my new Assessment?—here,—here, the 5th part of Twenty, 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 [pauses] right, 4 times—why then upon my new Assessment there's 4 Million—how are we ruined?—what says, Malt, Cyder, and Mum,—eleven and carry one, nought and go 2—good, good, Malt, Hops, Cyder, and Mum; then there's the Wine Licence, and the Gin Act—The Gin Act is no bad Article,—if the People will shoot Fire down their Throats, why in a Christian Country they should pay as much as possible for Suicide—Salt—good—Sugar, very good—Window lights—good again—Stamp Duty, that's not so well—It will have a bad Effect upon the News-Papers, and we shan't have enough of Politics—But there's the Lottery?—where's my new Scheme for a Lottery?—Here it is—Now for the Amount of the whole—How are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought,—nought and carry one—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Sir, Sir—

Quid. Hold your Tongue, you Baggage, you'll put me out—nought and carry one.

Term. Counsellor *Codicil* will be with you presently.

Quid. Prithce be quiet, Woman—how are we ruined?

Term. Ay, I'm *confidious* as how you may thank yourself for your own Ruination.

Quid. Ruin the Nation! hold your Tongue, you Jade. I'm raising the Supplies within the Year,—how many did I carry?

Term. Yes, you've carried your Pigs to a fine Market—

Quid. Get out of the Room, Huxley—you Trollop, get out of the Room—

[turning her out.]

Enter Razor, with Suds on his Hands, &c.

Quid. Friend Razor, I am glad to see thee—well hast got any News?

Razor. A Budget! I left a Gentleman half shaved in my Shop over the way; it came into my Head of a sudden, so I could not be at ease till I told you.—

Quid. That's kind, that's kind, Friend Razor—never mind the Gentleman, he can wait—

Razor. Yes, so he can, he can wait—

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Razor. I shav'd a great Man's Butler to Day.—

Quid. Did ye?

Razor. I did.

Quid. Ay.

Razor. Very true. *[both shaking their Heads.]*

Quid. What did he say.

Razor. Nothing.

Quid. Hum—how did he look?

Razor. Full of Thought.

Quid. Ay! full of Thought—what can that mean?

Razor. I must mean something. *[staring at each other.]*

Quid. Mayhapsomebody may be going out of Place.

Razor. Like enough,—there's something at the

bottom, when a great Man's Butler looks grave, things

can't hold out in this manner, Master *Quidmane!*—

Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of

us all, it will indeed. *[stares at him.]*

Quid. Pray now, Friend Razor, do you find Business as current now as before the War?

Razor. No, no, I have not made a Wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor Country.

Quid. That's generous, Friend Razor.—

Razor. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any for thinking

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ing of my Country, and when I was in *Bedlam*, it was the same, I cou'd think of nothing else in *Bedlam*, but poor old *England*, and so they are said as how I was incurable for it. —

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Razor. So they might—well, your servant, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I'll go now and shave the rest of the Gentleman's Face—poor old *England*.

[*Sighs, and shakes his Head. Going.*]

Quid. But hark ye, Friend *Razor*, ask the Gentleman if he has got any News. —

Razor. I will, I will.

Quid. And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has. —

Razor. I will, I will,—poor old *England*. [*Going, returns.*] Oh, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I want to ask you—pray now? —

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Gemini! Gemini!—How can the Man have so little *Difference* for his Customers—

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. *Malepert*, —

Term. And I tell you the Gentleman keeps such a Bawling yonder, for Shame, Mr. *Razor*—you'll be a *Bankrupter* like my Master, with such a House full of Children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will. —

Razor. I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. *Termagant*,—I say Mr. *Quidnunc*, I can't sleep in my bed for thinking what will come of the Protestants, if the Papists should get the better in the present War —

Quid. I'll tell you—The Geographer of our Coffee-house was saying the other Day, that there is an Huge Tract of Land about the Pole, where the Protestants may retire, and that the Papists will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern Powers hold altogether, and the grand *Turk* make a *Diversion* in their Favour.

Razor. That makes me easy—I'm glad the Protestants will know where to go if the Papists shou'd get the better [*going, returns*] Oh! Mr. *Quidnunc*—hark ye—*Indian Bonds* are risen.

Quid. Are they?—how much?

Razor. A Jew pedlar said in my shop as how they are risen three sixteenths—

Quid. Why then that makes some Amends for the Price of Corn—

Razor. So it does, so it does, if they but hold up and the Protestants know where to go, I shall then have a Night's Rest, mayhap— [Exit Razor.]

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening Wharfs at *Gibraltar* are repaired—

Term. Fiddle for your *Dwarfs*, impair your ruin'd Fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one Ship can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it---and then, why should Wat'ring to be so tedious there?

Term. Look where your daughter comes, and yet you'll be *ruinating* about *Give-a-halter*, while that poor Thing is breaking her Heart.

Enter HARRIET.

Quid. It's one Comfort, however, they can always have fresh Provisions in the *Mediterranean*—

Har. Dear Papa, what's the *Mediterranean* to People in our Situation?—

Quid. The *Mediterranean*, Child? Why if we should lose the *Mediterranean*, we're all undone.

Har. Dear Sir, that's our Misfortune---we are undone already.—

Quid. No, no,---here, here, Child---I have raised the Supplies within the Year.

Term. I tell you, you're a *lunatic* Man.

Quid. Yes, yes, I'm a Lunatic to be sure---I tell you, *Harriet*, I have saved a great deal out of my Affairs for you.—

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, don't do that---you must give up every thing, my Uncle *Feeble's* Lawyer will be here to talk with you about it.—

Quid. Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I'm about;—you shall have my Books and Pamphlets, and all the Manifestoes of the Powers at War.—

Har. And so make me a Politician, Sir!—

Quid. It would be the Pride of my Heart to find I had got a Politician in Petticoats--a Female *Machiavel*!

—Sbodikins,

—'Sbodkins, you might then know as much as most people that talk in Coffee-houses, and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or —

Har. Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by Politics?

Quid. Pshaw! my Country's of more Consequence to me, and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your Country in these worst of Times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that Affairs in the North, and the Protestant Interest begin to grow TICKLISH.

Term. And your Daughter's Affairs are very TICKLISH too, I'm sure —

Har. Prithee, *Termagant* —

Term. I must speak to him --- I know you are in a very TICKLISH Situation, Ma'am.

Quid. I tell you, you Trull —

Term. But I am convinced it is so --- and the Posture of my Affairs is very TICKLISH too --- and so I imprecate that Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd come, and —

Quid. Mr. *Bellmour* come! I tell you Mrs. *Saucebox*, that my Daughter shall never be married to a Man that has not better Notions of the Balance of Power.

Term. But what *Purvision* will you make for her now with your Balances?

Quid. There again now! --- Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the Papers for a Match for you, Child: there's often good Matches advertised in the Papers --- Evil betide it, Evil betide it! I once thought to have struck a great Stroke, that would have astonished all *Europe*, --- I thought to have married my Daughter to *Theodore King of Corsica* —

Har. What, and have me perish in a Jail, Sir?

Quid. 'Sbodkins! my Daughter would have had her Coronation Day? --- I have been allied to a crowned Head, and been first Lord of the Treasury of *Corsica*? --- But come, --- now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the Gazette comes in --- I shan't sleep to-Night unless I see the Gazette.

Enter CODICIL.

[*call out.*

Cod. Mr. *Quidnunc*. your Servant --- the Door was open, and I entered upon the Premises --- I'm just come from the Hall.

Quid

Quid. 'Shodikins! This Man is now come to keep me at home.

Cod. Upon my word Miss *Harriet's* a very pretty young Lady, as pretty a young Lady as one wou'd desire to have and to hold. Ma'am your most obedient; I have drawn my Friend *Feeble's* Will, in which you have all his Goods and Chattles, Lands and Hereditaments.

Har. I thank you, Sir, for the Information.—

Cod. And I hope soon to draw your Marriage Settlement for my Friend Mr. *Bellmour*.

Har. O' Lud? Sir, not a Word of that before my Father---I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his Affairs —

Cod. Why yes, I have Instructions for that Purpose; Mr. *Quidnunc*, I am instructed to expound the Law to you.

Quid. What, the Law of Nations?

Cod. I am instructed, Sir, that you're a Bankrupt—*Quasi bancus ruptus—Banque route faire*—and my Instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the Commissioners to-morrow.—

Quid. That may be, Sir, but I can't go to-morrow, and so I shall send 'em Word---I am to be to-morrow at *Slaughter's* Coffee-house with a private Committee about Business of great Consequence to the Affairs of Europe—

Cod. Then, Sir, if you don't go, I must instruct you, that you'll be guilty of a Felony: it will be deem'd to be done *malo Animo*---it is held so in the Books---and what says the Statute? By the 5th George 2d. Cap. 30. Not surrendering or imbezzeling is Felony without Benefit of Clergy.

Quid. Ay,---you tell me News—

Cod. Give me leave, Sir,---I am instructed to expound the Law to you: Felony is thus described in the Books, *Feloniam*, saith *Hotoman*, *de verbis feudalibus significat capitale facinus*, a capital Offence.

Quid. You tell me News, you do indeed.

Cod. It was so apprehended by the *Goths*, and the *Longobards*, and what saith Sir *Edward Coke*? *Fieri debet felleo animo*.

Quid. You've told me News---I did not know it was Felony;

Felony; but if the *Flanders* Mail should come in while I am there---I shall know nothing at all of it---

Cod. But why should you be uneasy? *cui bono*, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *cui bono*?

Quid. Not uneasy! If the Papists should beat the Protestants---

Cod. But I tell you, they can get no Advantage of us. The Laws against the further Growth of Popery will secure us---there are Provisoes in Favour of Protestant Purchasers under Papists---10th *Geo.* 1. Cap. 4. and 6 *Geo.* II. Cap. 5.

Quid. Ay!

Cod. And besides *Popish* Recusants can't carry Arms, so can have no Right of Conquest, *Vi & Armis*.

Quid. That's true---that's true---I'm easier in my Mind---

Cod. To be sure, what are you uneasy about? The Papists can have no Claim to *Silesia*---

Quid. Can't they?

Cod. No, they can set up no Claim---If the Queen on her Marriage had put all her Lands into *Hotchpot* then indeed---and it seemeth, saith *Littleton*, that this Word *Hotchpot* is in *English* a Pudding---

Quid. You reason very clearly, Mr. *Codicil*, upon the Rights of the Powers at War, and so now, if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my Affairs.

Cod. Nor does the Matter rest here; for how can she set up a Claim, when she had made a Conveyance to the House of *Brandenburg*? the Law, Mr. *Quidnunc*, is very severe against fraudulent Conveyances---

Quid. 'Sbodikin, you have satisfied me---

Cod. Why therefore then---if he will levy Fines and suffer a common Recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes in *scadam simplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ses Heres*.

Quid. I'm heartily glad of it,---so that with regard to my Effects---

Cod. Why then suppose she was to bring it to a Tryal at Bar---

Quid. I say with regard to the full Disclosure of my Effects---

Cod. What wou'd she get by that?---it wou'd go off upon a special Pleading---and as to Equity---

Quid.

Quid. Pray now must I surrender my Books and my Pamphlets?

Cod. What would Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her, he might keep her at least twenty Years before a Master to settle the Account—

Quid. You have made me easy about the Protestants in this War, you have indeed—so that with regard to my appearing before the Commissioners.

Cod. And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all Tenures by *Knight's Service* are abolished, and the Statute in *Char. II.* has declared all Lands to be held under a *common Sotage*.

Quid. Pray now, Mr. *Codici*, must not my Creditor appear to prove the Debts?

Cod. Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Sotage*, I submit it to the Court—whether the *Empire* can have any Claim to *Knight's Service*,—they can't call to him for a single Man for the Wars.

Unum Hominem ad Guerram—for what is *Common Sotage*?—*Sotagium idem est quod Servitium*—the Service of the Plough.

Quid. I am ready to attend 'em—But pray now, when my Certificate is signed,—it is of great Consequence to me to know this. I say, Sir, when my Certificate is signed, mayst I then—Hey? [startling up.]

Hey!—What do I hear?

Cod. I apprehend I humbly conceive when your Certificate is signed—

Quid. Hold your Tongue, Man,—did not I hear the *Gazette*?

Newsm. [within] Great News in the *London Gazette*.

Quid. Yes, yes it is,—it is the *Gazette*. *Termagant* and you *Jade*, [turns her out] *Harriet* say, it is the *Gazette*.

Cod. The Law in that Case, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *prima facie*—

Quid. I can't hear you,—I have not Time,—*Termagant*, run, make haste— [stamps violently.]

Cod. I say, Sir, it is held in the Books.—

Quid. I care for no Books, I want the Papers.— [stamping.]

Cod. I say, Sir, it is held in the Books.—

Quid. I care for no Books, I want the Papers.— [stamping.]

Cod. I say, Sir, it is held in the Books.—

Quid. I care for no Books, I want the Papers.— [stamping.]

Cod. I say, Sir, it is held in the Books.—

Cod. Throughout all the Books,---Bo! the Man is *non compos*, and his Friends, instead of a Commission of Bankruptcy, should take out a Commission of Lunacy.

[*Exit Cod.*]

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. What do you keep such a Bawling for? the Newfman says as how the Emperor of *Mocco* is dead.

Quid. The Emperor of *Morocco*!

Term. Yes him.

Quid. My poor dear Emperor of *Morocco*.

[*bursts into Tears.*]

Term. Ah! you old Don *Quicksett*!---Ma'am, Ma'am,---Miss *Harriet*, go your ways into the next Room, there's Mr. *Bellmour*'s Man there, Mr. *Bellmour* has sent you a *Billydore*.---

Har. Oh, *Termagant*, my Heart is in an Uproar,--- I don't know what to say---where is he? let me run to him this instant. [*Exit Harriet.*]

Quid. The Emperor of *Morocco* had a regard for the Balance of *Europe*. [*sighs*] well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

Term. The Newfman would not trust, because you're a *Bankrupter*, and so I paid two-pence-half-penny for it.

Quid. Let's see --- let's see ---

Term. Give me my Money then--- [*running from him.*]

Quid. Give it me this Instant, you *Jade*--- [*after her.*]

Term. Give me my Money I say--- [*from him.*]

Quid. I'll teach you, I will you *Baggage*. [*after her.*]

Term. I won't part with it till I have my Money, [*from him.*]

Quid. I'll give you no Money, *Hussey*--- [*after her.*]

Term. Your Daughter shall marry Mr. *Bellmour*. [*from him.*]

Quid. I'll never accede to the Treaty--- [*after her.*]

Term. Go, you old Fool. [*from him.*]

Quid. You vile Minx, worse than the *Where* of *Babylon*. [*after her.*]

Term. There, you old crack'd Brain'd *Politic*,--- there's your Paper for you. [*throws it down and Exit.*]

Quid. [*sitting down*] Oh! Heavens?--- I'm quite out of Breath.--- A *Jade* to keep my News from me,

24 THE UPHOLSTERER;

me,---what does it say? what does it say? what does it say? [*Reads very fast while opening the Paper.*] "Where-
 " as a commission of Bankruptcy is awarded and issued
 " for against *Abraham Quidnunc*, of the Parish of St.
 " *Martin's in the Fields, Upholsterer, Dealer and Chap-*
 " *man*, the said Bankrupt is hereby required to surren-

" der himself." Po, what signifies this Stuff? I don't
 mind myself, when the Balance of Power is con-
 cerned.---However, I shall be read of, in the same
 Paper, in the *London Gazette*, by the Powers abroad;
 together with the *Pope* and the *French King*, and the
Mogul, and all of 'em---good, good---very good!---
 here's a Pow'r of News,---let me lee, [*read*] "Letters
 from the Vice Admiral, dated *Tyger* off *Calcutta*,"---
 [*mutters to himself very eagerly,*] Oddfear, those Bag-
 gages will interrupt me, I hear their Tongues a going,
 clack, clack, clack, I'll run into my closet, and lock
 myself up---A Vixen!---a Trollop,---to want Money
 from me, when I may have occasion to buy the *The State*
of the sinking Fund, or *Fashion detested*, or *The Barrier*
Treaty,---or,---and besides, how could the Jade tell but
 To-morrow we may have a *Gazette Extraordinary*?

[*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Scene the Upholsterer's House.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Q U I D N U N C.

W H E R E, where, where is he?---where's Mr
Pamphlet? Mr. *Pamphlet*!---*Termagant*, Mr
 a---a---*Termagant*. *Harriet*, *Termagant*, you vile Minx,
 you saucy.---

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Here's a Racket indeed!

Quid. Where's Mr. *Pamphlet*? you Baggage, if
 he's gone---

Term. Did not I intimidate that he's in the the next
 Room---why sure the Man's out of his Wits.

Quid. Shew him here then---I would not miss see-
 ing him for the Discovery of the North East Passage.

Term. Go, you old Gemini Gemini of a Politic.

[*Exit Term.*]

Quid.

Quid. Shew him in, I say,--- I had rather see him than the whole State of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or the '*Paris a main*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or--- Here he comes--- the best Political Writer of the Age.

Enter PAMPHLET.

[*With a Surtout, a Muff, a long Campaign Wig out of Curl, and a pair of black Garters, buckled under the Knees.*]

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you, ---as glad as if you were an Express from the *Green*, or from *Berlin*, or from *Zell*, or from *Calcutta* over Land, or from---

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, your Servant,--- I'm come from a place of great Importance.---

Quid. Look ye there now?---well, where, where?

Pamph. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the Door,---now, now, where do you come from?

Pamph. From the Court of Requests.

[*laying aside his Surtout Coat.*]

Quid. The Court of Requests! [*whispers*] are they up?

Pamph. Hot work ---

Quid. Debates arising, may be.

Pamph. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pamph. Can't say.---

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pamph. I went in hopes of being taken up.---

Quid. Lookye there now. [*Shaking his Head.*]

Pamph. I've been aiming at it these three Years.---

Quid. Indeed!

[*staring at him.*]

Pamph. Indeed,---Sedition is the only thing an Author can live by now,---Time has been I could turn a Penny by an Earthquake; or live upon a Jail Distemper; or dine upon a Bloody Murder;---but now that's all over,---nothing will do now but roasting a Minister---or telling the People that they are ruined---the People of *England* are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined.---I have a Scheme for the paying off the national Debt.

Pamph. Let's see, let's see [*put on his Spectacles*] well enough! well imagined,---a new Thought this---I must make this my own, [*aside*] silly, futile, absurd---abominable, this will never do---I'll put it in my Pocket, and read it over in the morning for you---now look ye here---I'll shew you a Scheme [*rummaging his Pockets*] no that's not it---that's my Conduct of the Ministry, by a Country Gentleman---I proved the Nation undone here, this sold hugely,---and here now,---here's my Answer to it, by a noble Lord;---this did not move among the Trade.---

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pamph. Yes, both sides,---Iv'e two Hands, Mr. *Quidnunc*,---always impartial,---*Ambo dexter*.---Now here, there's my Dedication to a great Man---touch'd twenty for this---and here, here's my Label upon him.

Quid. What after being obliged to him?

Pamph. Yes, for that Reason,---it excites Curiosity---White-wash and Blacking-ball, Mr. *Quidnunc*! *in utrumque paratus*,---no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this Pocket?

[*prying eagerly.*]
Pamph. That's my Account with *Jacob Zorobable*, the Broker, for writing Paragraphs to raise or tumble the Stocks, or the price of Lottery Tickets, according to his Purposes.

Quid. Ay, how do you do that?

Pamph. As thus;---to Day the Protestant Interest declines, *Madrag* is taken, and *England's* undone: then all the long faces in the Alley look as dismal as a blank, and so *Jacob* buys away and thrives upon our Ruin.---Then to-Morrow, we're all alive and merry again, *Pondicherry's* taken; a certain Northern Potentate will shortly strike a Blow, to astonish all *Europe*, and then every true born *Englishman* is willing to buy a Lottery Ticket for twenty or thirty Shillings more than its worth; so *Jacob* sells away, and reaps the Fruits of our Success.

Quid. What and will the People believe that now?

Pamph. Believe it!--believe any Thing,---no swallow like a true born *Englishman's*---a Man in a Quart-Bottle, or a Victory, it's all one to them,---they give a Gulp,---and down it goes,---glib, glib.---

Quid.

Quid. Yes, but they an't at the Bottom of Things?

Pamph. No, nor they, they dabble a little, but can't dive.

Quid. Pray now, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you think of our Situation?

Pamph. Bad, Sir, bad,---and how can it be better? ---the People in Power never send to me,---never consult me,---it must be bad,---Now here, [*goes to his loose Coat*] here's a Manuscript!---this will do the Business, a Master-piece,---I shall be taken up for this. ---

Quid. Shall ye?

Pamph. As sure as a Gun I shall,---I know the Bookseller's a Rogue, and will give me up.

Quid. But pray now what shall you get by being taken up?

Pamph. I'll tell you--- [*whispers*] in order to make me hold my Tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your Tongue for all that.

Pamph. Po, po, not a jot of that,---abuse 'em the next Day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you Success,---but do you hear no News? have you seen the Gazette?

Pamph. Yes, I've seen that,---great News, Mr. *Quid*,---but har'bye!--- [*whispers*] and kiss hands next Week.

Quid. Ay!

Pamph. Certain.

Quid. Nothing permanent in this World.

Pamph. All is Vanity. ---

Quid. Ups and downs.

Pamph. Ins and out. ---

Quid. Wheels within Wheels. ---

Pamph. No Smoke without Fire.

Quid. All's well that ends well.

Pamph. It will last our Time.

Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the Matter.

Pamph. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay we must leave all to the Determination of Time. Mr. Pamphlet, I'm heartily obliged to you for this Visit,---I love you better than any Man in England.

Each in deep thought without looking at the other

Pamph. And for my part, *Quidnunc*,---I love you better than I do *England* itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind,---there's nothing I wou'd not do, Mr. *Pamphlet* to serve you.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*,---I know you're a Man of Integrity and Honour---I know you are,---and now since we have open'd our Hearts, there is a Thing, Mr. *Quidnunc*, in which you can serve me,---you know, Sir,---this is in the fullness of our Hearts,---you know you have my Note for a Trifle,---hard dealing with Assignees,---now, could not you to serve a Friend, cou'd not you throw that Note in the Fire?

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pamph. Leave that to me, a refin'd Stroke of Policy,---Papers have been destroy'd in all Governments.

Quid. So they have,---it shall be done, it will be political, it will indeed. Pray now, Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you take to be the true Political Balance of Power?

Pamph. What do I take to be the Balance of Power?

Quid. Ay, the Balance of of Power.

Pamph. The Balance of Power is,---what do I take to be the Balance of Power,---the Balance of Power [*shuts his Eyes*] what do I take to be the Balance of Power?

Quid. The Balance of Power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen sits.

Pamph. No, no.---

Quid. Yes, yes.---

Pamph. No, no; the Balance of Power is when the Foundations of Government and the Superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'ye mean natural?

Pamph. Prithce be quiet, Man,---this is the Language,---The Balance of Power is---when the Superstructures are reduc'd to proper Balances, or when the Balances are not reduc'd to unnatural Superstructures.

Quid. Po, po, I tell you it is when the Fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demolish'd.---

Pamph. But I tell you, Mr. *Quidnunc*.---

Quid. I say, Mr. *Pamphlet*.---

Pamph. Hear me, Mr. *Quidnunc*.

Quid. Give me leave, Mr. *Pamphlet*.---

Pamph. I must observe, Sir.---

} Both in a
Passion.
Quid.

Quid. I am convinc'd, Sir. —

Pamph. That the Balance of Power. —

Quid. That the Fortifications at *Dunquerque*. —

Pamph. Depends upon the Balances, and Super-
structures. —

Quid. Constitute the true Political Equilibrium. —

Pamph. Nor will I converse with a Man. —

Quid. And, Sir, I never desire to see your Face. —

Pamph. Of such anti constitutional Principles. —

Quid. Nor the Face of any Man who is such a
Frenchman in his Heart, and has such Notions of the
Balance of Power. [Exit.

QUIDNUNC. [Re enters.]

Ay, I've found him out, --- such abominable Prin-
ciples, I never desire to converse with any Man of his
Notions, --- no never while I live. —

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, one word with you if you
please.

Quid. I never desire to see your Face. —

Pamph. My Property, Mr. *Quidnunc*, --- I shan't leave
my Property in the House of a Bankrupt, [twisting
his Handkerchief round his Arm] a lilly, empty, incom-
prehensible Blockhead.

Quid. Blockhead! Mr. *Pamphlet*.

Pamph. A Blockhead to use me thus, when I have
you so much in my Power. —

Quid. In your Power!

Pamph. In my Power, Sir --- it's in my Power to
hang you.

Quid. To hang me!

Pamph. Yes, Sir, to hang you --- [drawing on his Coat]
Did not you propose, but this Moment, did not you
desire me to combine and confederate to burn a Note,
and defraud your Creditors. ---

Quid. I desire it?

Pamph. Yes, Mr. *Quidnunc*, but I shall detect you to
the World. I'll give your Character. --- You shall
have a Six-penny touch next Week.

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urba. [Exit Pamphlet.

Quid. Mercy on me, there's the Effect of his anti-
constitutional Principles. --- The Spirit of his whole
Party,

Party, I never desire to exchange another Word with him.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Here's a Pother indeed!--did you call me?

Quid. No, you Trollop, no.-----

Term. Will you go to Bed?

Quid. No, no, no,---I tell you, no.

Term. Better go to Rest, Sir;---I heard a Doctor of Phycic say as how, when a Man is past his grand Crime,---what the *Deuce* makes me forget my Word?---his Grand Crime-Hysteric, nothing is so good against *Indiscomposition* as Rest taken in its *pradish natalibus*.-----

Quid. Hold your Prating,---I'll not go to Bed, I'll step to my Brother *Feeble*, I want to have some Talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit Quidnunc.*

Term. Go thy Ways for an old *Hocus pocus* of a News-monger---You'll have good Luck if you find your Daughter here when you come back, Mr. *Bellmour* will be here in the Interim, and if he does not carry her off, why then I shall think him a mere *shilly shally Feller*; and by my Troth I shall think him as bad a *Politisthing* as yourself---Well, as I live and breath, I wonders what the *Dickens* the Man sees in these News Papers to be for ever *toxicated* with them---Let me see one of them, to try if I can *vestigate* any thing---[*takes the News Paper and reads.*]

"Yesterday at Noon arrived at his Lodgings in *Pall-Mall*, *John Stukely*, Esq. for the remainder of the "Winter-season."-----

Where the *Devil* has the Man been?---who knows him, or cares a minikin Pin about him?---He may go to *Jerico* for what I cares.-----

"The same Day, M. *William Tabby*, an eminent "Man Milliner was married to Miss *Jenkins*, Daughter of Mr. *Jenkins*, a considerable *Haberdasher* in "*Bearbinder Lane*."-----

What the *Dickins* is this to me?---can't Miss *Jenkins*, and her Man-Milliner go to Bed, and hold their Tongues?---why must they kiss and tell?

"By advices from *Violenina*"---this is *Pollicies* now---[*reads to herself*]---"and promises a general peace."-----

Why

Why can't that make the old Cirmudgeon happy?

"By letters from *Paris*,"---this is more Policies---
[reads to herself] "and all seems tending to a general
"Rupture."---What the *Devil* does the *Feller* mean?
---Did not he tell me this moment there was to be
Peace, and now its bloody News again---To go to
tell me such an impudent Lie to my Face!

"At the Academy in *Essex-street*, Grown People
are taught to dance."---

Grown People are taught to dance---I like that well
enough---I should like to be *betterer* in my dancing---I
like the *figerre* of a *minute* as well as a *figerre* in speech
---[dances and sings] But such *trumpery* as the News is,
with Kings, and Cheesemongers, and Bishops, and
Highwaymen, and Ladies Prayer Books, and Lap-
Dogs, and the *Demodary* and *Canonite*, and Ambassa-
dors, and Hair Cutters, all *higgledy piggledy* together.
---As I hope for *Marcy* I'll never read another Paper
---and I wishes old *Quidnunc* would do the same---if
the Man would do as I do, there would be some sence
in it---if instead of his Policies, he would *manure* his
Mind like me, and read good *Altars*, and improve
himself in *finde Langidge*, and *Bombast* and *polite Accol-
ishments*.--- [Exit singing.

Scene the Street.

Enter Bellmour, Rowewell and Brisk, in Liquor.

Bell. Women ever were, and ever will be tannastie
Beings, vain, capricious, and fond of Mischief.---

Brisk. Well argued, Master.

ROVEWELL [Sings.]

Deceit is in every Woman

But none in a Bumper can be, my brave Boys,

But none in a Bumper can be.

Bell. To be intulted thus, with such a contempti-
ous Answer to a Message of such tender Import, she
might methinks at least have treated me with good
Manners, if not with a more grateful Return.---

Row. Split her Manners, let's go and drink r'other
Bumper to drown Sorrow.

Bell. I'll shake off her Fetters,---I will, Brisk, this
very night I will. ---

Brisk.

Brisk. That's right, Master, and let her know we have found her out, and as the Poet says,

She that will not when she may,

"When she will, she shall have nay, Master."

Bell. Very true; *Brisk*, very true—the Ingratitude of it touches to the quick—my dear *Reverwell*, only come and see me take a final Leave.—

Rove. No truly, not I; none of your virtuous Monks for me, I'll set you down there, if you've a mind to play the Fool.—I know she'll melt you with a Tear, and make a Puppy of you with a Smile, and so I'll not be Witness to it.

Bell. Your'e quite mistaken, I assure you,—you'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her Ingratitude, and with more Joy than a fugitive Galley Slave escape from the Oar, to which I have been chain'd.

Brisk. Master, Master, now's our Time, for look by the glimmering of yonder Lamp, who comes along by the Wall there.—

Bell. Her Father, by all that's Lucky,—my dear *Reverwell*, let's drive off.—

Rove. I'll speak to him for you Man.—

Bell. Not for the World—prithee come along.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *QUIDNUNC*, with a dark Lanthorn.

Quid. If the Grand Turk should actually commence open Hostility, and the *House bug Tartars* make a Diversion upon the Frontiers, why then it's my Opinion, —Time will discover to us a great deal more of the Matter.

Watch. [within] Past Eleven o'Clock, a Cloudy Night.

Quid. Hey! past Eleven o'Clock,—'Sbodikins, my Brother *Feeble* will be gone to Bed—but he shan't sleep till I have some Chat with him,—Hark'ye, Watchman, Watchman!

Enter *WATCHMAN*.

Watch. Call, Master.

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither,—have you heard any News?

Watch. News, Master!

Quid.

Quid. Ay, about the *Prussian* or the *Russians*?
Watch. *Russians*, Master.

Quid. Yes, or the *Movements* in *Pomerania*?

Watch. La Master, I knows nothing,--poor Gentleman [*pointing to his Head*] Good Night to you, Master---past Eleven o'Clock. [*Exit Watchman.*]

Quid. That man now has a place under the Government, and he won't speak. But I'm losing Time [*knocks at the Door*] Hazy Weather [*looking up*] The Wind's fix'd in that quarter, and we shan't have any Mails this week to come,--come about, good Wind; do, come about.

Enter a Servant Maid.

Maid. La, Sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your Master at home, Child?

Maid. Gone to Bed, Sir,

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the World, Sir.

Quid. Business of the utmost Importance.

Maid. Pray consider, Sir, my Master an't well.

Quid. Pray be quiet, Woman? I must see him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, a Room in Feeble's House.

Enter FEEBLE, in his Night-Gown.

Feeb. I was just stepping into Bed;--bless my Heart what can this Man want?--I know his Voice,--I hope no new Misfortune brings him at this Hour.

Quid. Hold your Tongue, you foolish Hussy,--he'll be glad to see.--Brother *Feeble*,--Brother *Feeble*, [*within.*]

Feeb. What can be the Matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Brother *Feeble*, I give you Joy--the *Nabob's* demolish'd, [*sings*] *Britons strike home, revenge, &c.*

Feeb. Lackaday! Mr. *Quidnunc*, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. *Suraja Dowla* is no more.

Feeb. Poor Man? he's stark staring mad.

Quid. Our Men diverted themselves with killing their *Bullocks* and their *Camels*, till they dislodg'd the

34 THE UPHOLSTERER;

the Enemy from the Octagon, and the Counterſcarp, and the Bunglo.—

Feeb. I'll hear the reſt to-morrow Morning,—oh! I'm ready to die.

Quid. Odfheart Man, be of good cheer,—the new Nabob, *Jaffier Ally Cawn*, has acceded to a Treaty; and the *Engliſh* Company have got all their rights in the *Phirmaud* and the *Huſbultoorums*.

Feeb. But dear heart, Mr. *Quidnunc*, why am I to be diſturb'd for this?

Quid. We had but two Seapays killed, three Chokeys, four Gaulwalls, and two Zemidars, [*sings*] *Britons never ſhall be Slaves*.

Feeb. Would not to morrow Morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your Windows, Man, light up your Windows, *Chander-nagore* is taken.

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—good Night [*going*].

Quid. Here, here's the *Gazette*.—

Feeb. Oh, I ſhall certainly faint [*sits down*].

Quid. Ay, ay, ſit down, and I'll read it to you, [*Reads*] nay, don't run away—I've more News to tell you, there's an account from *Williamsburg* in *America*;—the Superintendent of *Indian Affairs*.—

Feeb. Dear Sir, dear Sir, — [*avoiding him*].

Quid. Has ſettled Matters with the *Cherokees*.—

Feeb. Enough, enough. — [*following him*].

Feeb. Enough, enough. — [*from him*].

Quid. In the ſame manner he did before with the *Catabaw*. — [*after him*].

Feeb. Well, well, your Servant. — [*from him*].

Quid. So that the black Inhabitants— [*after him*].

Feeb. I wiſh you'd let me be a quiet Inhabitant in my own Houſe.

Quid. So that the black Inhabitants will now be ſecur'd by the *Cherokees* and *Catabaw*.

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commiſſioners.—

Quid. Go home! no, no, I'll go and raiſe the Matter over at our Coffee-houſe.—

Feeb. Do ſo, do ſo.—

Quid.

Quid. [Returning] Mr. Feeble,—I had a dispute about the Balance of Power,—pray now can you tell.

Feeb. I know nothing of the Matter.—

Quid. Well, another Time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that [going, returns] right, I had like to have forgot, there's an Erratum in the last *Gazette*.—

Feeb. With all my Heart.—

Quid. Page 3d. Line 1, Col. 1st, and 3d, for *Bombs* read *Bonns*.—

Feeb. Read what you will.—

Quid. Nay, but that alters the Sense, you know,—well now, your Servant. If I hear any more News I'll come and tell you.—

Feeb. For Heaven's Sake no more.—

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first Sleep.—

Feeb. Good-night, good-night.— [Runs off.]

Quid. I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead—[bawling after him] so—now I've made him happy—I'll go and knock up my Friend Razor, and make him happy too;—and then I'll go and see if any Body's up at the Coffee-houses,—and make them all happy there too.— [Exit Quidnunc.]

Scene, the Upholsterer's House.

Enter HARRIET and BELLMOUR.

Har. Mr. Bellmour, pray Sir,—I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from Room to Room.—

Bell. Indulge me but a Moment.—

Har. No, Mr. Bellmour, I've seen too much of your Temper; I'm touch'd beyond all enduring by your unmanly Treatment.

Bell. Unmanly, Madam!

Har. Unmanly, Sir,—To presume upon the Misfortunes of my Family, and insult me with the formidable Menaces, that “truly you have done; you'll be no more a Slave to me.” Oh fy, Mr. Bellmour, I did not think a Gentleman capable of it—

Bell. But you won't consider—

Har. Sir, I wou'd have Mr. Bellmour to understand that though my Father's Circumstances are embarrassed,

passed, I have still an Uncle, who can, and will, place me in a state of Affluence, in which, Sir, your Declarations.—

Bell. But my dear Ma'am.—

Har. And take this too with you, Sir, that I have Spirit enough to resent an Indelicacy, nor will I bear ill usage from any Man in *England*.

—[*Exit, slapping the Door after her.*]

Bell. Well, but my dear *Harriet*, hear me but a Moment---'tis mighty well, you have freed me from your Chains, I assure you---your Business is done with me, I promise you---and so adieu to this House for ever.---[*going, returns.*] Methinks, though we might part upon gentler Terms---Perverse and obstinate!—ay, it's all her own Fault. To treat me thus when she knows my Heart was fixed upon her! Her eternal Coquetting---her haughty Airs, her tormenting me with continual Jealousy---Her---her---her lovely Eyes—her Shape---her Mein---her delicate Sensibility---her---hey!---what the deuce am I at? a downright amorous Puppy, by *Jupiter*?—I was running over a List of her Faults, and I find myself gloating on her Perfections---she's a sweet Girl, that's the Truth of it [Knocks at the Door] *Harriet, Harriet*---will you open the Door?---I intreat you do it---on my Knees I beg it—[*Kneels*]—will you?—O death! what a sneaking Rascal am I?—I'll cringe and whine no more [going, returns, knocks again] will you open it?—very well, Ma'am, it's very well—Damnation! [*Exit Bellmour.*]

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Bless my Heart—what have I done; I hope he is not gone, a barbarous Man, to go so easily when he ought to take no Denial, but lie on the Ground still imploring and beseeching, as I am a living Soul, here he comes again. [*Exit Harriet and shuts the Door.*]

Enter BELMOUR.

Bell. No, she won't open it—I must not go in this Manner [goes and peeps thro' the Key hole] poor, dear, lovely Angel? By Heaven, she's bath'd in Tears. [knocks] *Harriet, Harriet*,—won't you open the Door? I shan't stir from this Spot unless you open it.

Enter

Enter H A R R I E T.

Har. Mr. *Bellmour*, I wonder at you, Sir—upon my Word, Sir, your Visit becomes troublesome at this Time of Night.

Bell. My dearest *Harriet*, they were hasty Words, and if you will only consider the Provocation I had—

Har. The Provocation, Mr. *Bellmour*!

Bell. I'll leave it to yourself—was this an Answer to a Message so fondly passionate as mine—look at it yourself and judge—

Har. This Card, Sir!—this is my Maid's writing—

Bell. Yes, Ma'am!—I know it is—and that's the very Circumstance that aggravates—I thought at least my Letter deserved an Answer from yourself, without making your Maid affront me—my Doom I might at least expect from a more delicate Hand—from that Hand—whose Touch I once could buy with Life itself.—

Har. Well, Mr. *Bellmour*, I now must both pity and laugh at you—This Card, Sir, was never sent by me.

Bell. No, Ma'am! here, *Brisk*, *Brisk*—this is some of that Hang-dog's doings—*Brisk*.

Enter B R I S K and T E R M A G A N T.

Brisk. Did you call, Sir?

Bell. Did not you deliver me this Card, Sir?

Brisk. That Card, Sir?—yes, Sir,—I deliver'd that Card, Sir,—what can be the matter now. [*aside.*

Term. And, Ma'am, I'll be *perjur'd* that I deliver'd him the same *invidious Article* of Matter you gave me.

Har. And is Mr. *Bellmour* so blind that he can't see through this? Pray, *Termagant*, did not you write a Card to *Brisk*?

Term. Why, really Ma'am, I've as little *Antipathy* for *Fellers* as the best She in *England*, but I must confess, Ma'am, I did *invite* a Line to him—For there has been a *Moor* between us, Ma'am, that I won't go to deny—I must needs *gainsay* it,—If a Man is *disaffectionous* of me, Ma'am, I am sure I'm not to blame, if I have a little *Symphony* for him—I have not put my Name to it, Ma'am, though it is not quite a *synonymous* Letter neither,—I put the first Names that accrued to me,

D

Ma'am

Ma'am---they are the same *fictitious* Names Mr. *Bellmour* and you made use of---

Har. Why so I see, *Termagant*, and a curious Billet-doux it is, [*reads*] "*Sigismond's* Compliments waits on Mr. *Tankard*, she is full of *Mazement*, how he can give himself such an *Attitude* in his '*Moors*---she knows her own *Demerit* better than to be concerned with one who is a *Nanny-Goat* against Love, and this is her last *irresolution*."---And could Mr. *Bellmour* imagine this was intended for him, by me!

Bell. Death and Confusion!---What cou'd I think, Ma'am? Blockhead, Rascal!--- [*to his Man.*

Brisk. Sir!

Bell. How dare you, Sirrah, give me this Scrawl?

Brisk. Sir?

Term. That's my *Billydore* to him, sure enough.

Brisk. Upon my Life, Sir---

Bell. Where's the other Card, Rascal?

Brisk. Upon my Soul, Sir, I mean't no Harm---Sir,---Here it is, Sir,---take this, Sir,---Master, [*in a low Voice*] you know I can't read!---Pray, Sir, don't expose me.

Bell. And must I be made unhappy, Rascal, because you can't read?

Term. Not able to read!---the fine Mr. *Brisk* not able to read--ha, ha, ha,---well, for my part, I despise a Man that is not a *Schollard* and *illiterate*.

Brisk. Pox take it, it must come out---Why, Sir, that's my Misfortune---I cou'd not read, Sir, and I put one in this Pocket, and one in this, and then, Sir, I did not know which was which---but you're very welcome, Sir, if you like that better---

Bell. [*Reads*] "To a Love so delicate of Sentiment it were Stupidity to remain any longer insensible; and it would be an inexcusable Prudery to conceal the Tenderness of Desire with which my Heart has long fluttered to resign itself to such Truth and Constancy." My dear *Harriet*, on my Knees I beg Forgiveness for the Blindness of my Passion--- [*kneels*] And intreat you suffer me to convey you hence far from your Father's Roof, where we may join at length
in

in those Bonds of Happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the lov'd Idea. What say you, *Harriet*?

Har. I don't know what to say---my Heart's at my very Mouth---why don't you take me then?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Fy upon it, fy upon it---all the Coffee-houses shut up---how cou'd they shut up so soon when they had such great News---Hey! what the deuce have we here! The Enemy in our very Camp!

Har. O lud! What's to be done now?

Bell. Don't be frighten'd, *Harriet*---I'll amuse him with a piece of News-----

Bell. Pray, Sir, have you heard the News?

Quid. Is there any News, Sir?

Bell. Very great.

Quid. Let's hear, let's hear, let's hear, get out of the Room, you Baggages---get you into your Closet, *Harriet*---and get you down Stairs, you Baggage, and let me hear the News, [*turns her out*] well, well.

Bell. I'll tell you, Sir,—the Consumers of Oats are to meet next Week.

Quid. The Consumers of Oats!

Bell. The Consumers of Oats, Sir,—I came on Purpose to tell you.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind,—what can it be upon? does nothing transpire?

Bell. A profound Secret.——

Quid. Ay, and so it has been for twenty Years, the Consumers of Oats have been meeting any Time these twenty Years to my Knowledge, and I cou'd never learn what they are about,—their Negotiations I believe must be left to the Determination of Time.—

Bell. Their Meeting is occasioned by an Express the *Houyhnhnms*.

Quid. From where?

Bell. From the *Houyhnhnms*.——

Quid. The *Humming Hymns*!—fy upon it, why did I ever go without *Salmon's Gazeteer* in my Pocket.—I'll step for the Map, and see where the Place lies,—I'm never happy till I know the Latitude and Longitude. [*Exit Quid.*]

Bell. Your'e right, Sir, Geography is not necessary
[*runs to the Closet Door*] *Harriet, Harriet,*—my dear
Harriet, open the Door, now is the Time.

Enter H A R R I E T.

Har. Bless me, Mr. *Bellmour*,—what's the matter?

Bell. Away with scruples, Fortune has given this
Moment, and you must depend on my Love and my
Honour—I've a Licence in my Pocket, and I'll marry
you to-morrow Morning, by Heavens I will.

Har. What shall I do? I must trust you, [*a loud rap
at the Door*] dear Heart, what can all this mean?

Bell. Never mind it, but let us fly hence immedi-
ately. [*another rap.*]

Enter Q U I D N U N C.

Quid. Hey! what's all this knocking?—mayhap
a Waiter from the Coffee-house, with some News.

Bell. My evil Genius is at work this Night, and
all is marr'd again. [*aside.*]

Enter T E R M A G A N T.

Term. O Gemini Gemini! I am all over in such a
frustration.—

Quid. What's the matter, Woman, any thing new?

Term. A righteous Gentle quite inoculated with Li-
quor, knocks at the Street Door, and axes me to except
of a Glass of Wind,—at which I grew quite vex'd and
puffillanimous—prithee, *Feller*, says I, we don't want
your Company, and so be a little more adjacent,
Friend—whereof I was seized with a *Panegyric*, and
I had a divorce to my Heels, and I ran up Stairs as
dilatory as I could, and he's coming after me.

Bell. I'll have him sent to the Round-house,——
call in the Watch.

Quid. Do so, I'll go and charge him,—mayhap we
may meet a Parliament Man in the Round-house to
tell us some News.

Enter R O V E W E L L drunk.

Rove. Get me a Bowl of Rack, and let the Bed be
well air'd—I say I will have a Girl.——

Bell. [*draws*] Let me come at him,—Hey! who
the Devil have we here?—*Jack Rovevwell*, zounds!
Man, what brings you here?

Rove. Who the Devil thought to ha' seen you here?
I was

I was upon the look-out for Game ever since I saw you, and I have just sprung it —— I'll have her, by *Jupiter*.——

Bell. Zookers, Sir, if you wou'd not be of service to me, why wou'd you not keep out of the way.

Rove. This seems to be but an odd sort of a Bagnio we have got into here.——

Quid. What! does he call my House a Bagnio?

Term. I *wishes* as how you wou'd take him away—the great He Man! my Flesh creeps at the very sight of him---I believe as sure as any Thing, as how he is a *Highwayrman*, and that as how it was he that robbed the *Mail-Bags*.——

Quid. Ay, what rob a Mail, and stop all the News,—— a vile Fellow, away with him---a Man capable of robbing a Mail, wou'd not scruple to rob a Church——

Bell. Hold a Moment, I know the Gentleman, he's only a little in Liquor---zounds! *Rove*well, you've marr'd all my Schemes with your damn'd doings.——

Rove. *Bellmour's* Girl, by *Jupiter* [*aside*] I say, you shan't marry her——and I tell you, Mr. *Curmudgeon* [*going to Quidnunc*] give me leave to tell you old Mr. *Drybeard*,---Hey! [*stops and looks at him*] hey! [*turns from him*] my old reverend Father, by my filial Duty——what the Devil shall I do now? egad I'm not so drunk as I thought I was --he little expects to see me, and I'll go thro' with my frolic. This is no proper opportunity,--I say again, you shan't marry her,--my Sister as sure as a Gun, [*aside*] I'll see it out---I say, you shan't marry her.

Term. What the *Devil* do you let him tarry for? —I *wishes* he was out of my sight, and a little more contiguous from me. ——

Quid. Away with him, but search him first, perhaps he has some of the Letters belonging to the Mail in his Pocket now.

Rove. I'll let them search me, and then all will come out.——

Quid. Let me see, mayhap there may be some News at least---ay, here's Bank Notes,---and here's Letters to———what's this? “To Mr. *Abraham Quidnunc*, Upholsterer, in the *Strand*,” I did live in the

the Strand some ten Years ago,—sure this is to me,
—let's see what it is :---Hey ! what's this ?---[reads]
Honoured Father,---how is it *signed*,—

Your dutiful Son,

John Quidnunc.

What can this mean ?---What's your Name, Friend ?

Rove. *Jack Quidnunc*, is my Name.

Bell. Your Name *Jack Quidnunc* ! [to *Rovewell*.

Rove. Yes, my Name---faith, this Business begins
to make me sober, I think---*Quidnunc* is my Name
Bellmour and *Rovewell* was but assum'd---That Letter
I wrote, Sir, to inform you of my Arrival, and to let
you know that I should pay my respects to you to-
morrow Morning---but faith, Sir, in my hurry of
Spirits, I forgot to send it.---

Quid. What ! and are you return'd from the *West-Indies* ?

Rove. From *Jamaica*, Sir, the Owner of a rich
Plantation.---

Quid. What, by studying Politics.---

Rove. No, Sir, by a rich Wife, you shall know all
hereafter.---

Quid. 'Shodikins, I recollect his Face---it is he
sure enough---why there has not been a Word of this
in the Papers.

Rove. It's even so, notwithstanding, Sir,---Upon my
Soul, this Affair has compos'd me strangely. Thus
give me Leave, Sir, to attest at once my Duty and
my Joy. [kneels.

Quid. Why you have my Blessing, Boy, I am hear-
tily glad to see the---I did not know you again, you're
in such a Kind of Disguise---mayhap now, you can tell,
—why you look very well---I'm glad to see the, *Jack*,
I am indeed---pray now---mayhap now, you can tell
what the *Spaniards* are doing in the Bay of *Honduras* ?

Rove. All in good Time, Sir,---my dear *Bellmour* I
must embrace you. Faith, the Whimsicalness of my
Fortune had like to bring about an odd kind of an
Adventure,---and make me rob my Father of his
Daughter, my Friend of his Mistress, and go to Bed
to---my dear Sister, whom I left a prattling Infant,
when I went out of *England*,---I must embrace you.

Har,

Har. Tho' your Departure from *England*, was too early for my Recollection, yet my Heart feels a ready Inclination to make Acquaintance with you; and I shall ever bless the Hour that has given to my Father so good a Son, to Mr. *Bellmour* so warm a Friend, and to me the unexpected Happiness of a Brother, whom I despair'd of ever seeing.——

Quid. Pray now, *Jack*, how many Ships of the Line has the Admiral with him?---*a propos*, that may be in your Letter.—Let me read it.——

Rove. You may spare yourself that Trouble--it was but to acquaint you with what I shall now tell you in Person, that since I find you are become a voluntary Statesman, I have a Fortune sufficient to support you in the Study of Politics for the rest of your Life.——

Quid. Have you?---What, and shall I have every Thing that comes out?

Rove. Every Thing, Sir.——

Bell. And, Sir, an Apartment at my House in the Country you shall ever command.——

Quid. No, no, I can't go to the Country,---that is not the Scene of Action.——

Bell. You shall have all the Papers down there.—

Quid. Shall I, but are there any Coffee-Houses in your Neighbourhood in the Country?

Bell. Several!

Quid. And are there any Politicians there!

Bell. Swarms of 'em, there's the Curate, and the Justice of the *Quorum*, and the Exciseman, and a yellow Admiral, and an Attorney, and——

Quid. Ay?---why then that will do---that will do—[going, returns] but d'ye hear—I won't go into the Country till the House is adjourn'd.

Rov. Even as you please, Sir——and in the mean Time the greatest Favour you can confer upon me, is to give away this Lady to my Friend *Bellmour*.

Quid. Why since I find he knows so much of the Matter, I could find it in my Heart to accede to the Treaty, here, here, take her—but should not all this be in the Papers——I'll go and tell 'em the News myself.

Term. [Looking earnestly at *Rovewell*] My Stars and Garters!

Garters! what a sudden *Evolution* here is in Things? *fakins*, now I looks at him, I does not believe he is a *Highwayrman*—By my Troth, the young Gentleman has a *seuscai* about him that I likes well enough, and I could find it in my Heart to make him an *Advowson* of my Love, and *calcine* my Person to him.

Rove. Prithee, *Bellmour*, how long has my Father had this Turn?

Har. Since the last Rebellion; since which there has not been an Affair of any Importance in *Europe* but he has taken a considerable Share in it—while his own Affairs have been mouldering into ruin.—

Bell. But henceforward all Voluntiers in Politics should take Warning from his Example, before they concern themselves about the Balance of *Europe*, to have some Care of the Balance of their Accounts. The first Step towards being a good Citizen, is to be a good Man, and to act with Propriety in the various Relations of Life—and if every one in the Kingdom would resolve upon the same, the Nation in general would soon feel the Benefit of it.

'Then shou'd not sigh the Statesman of *Cheapside*,
For *Poland's* Queen—while he neglects his Bride;
Then needy Shopkeepers no more should meet,
To toast a Minister—yet want to eat;
Nor shou'd th' Upholst' rer slight his Daughter's Cause,
For *Nabobs*, *Cherokees*, and *Catabaws*:
But Virtue then, the State's enliv'ning Soul,
Should rise from Individuals to the Whole;
The balanc'd Passions due Proportion bear,
And every *Harriet* find a Father's Care.

F I N I S.



